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THE AMERICAN UNION

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Register in Bankruptcy,
OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,
DENTON, MARYLAND.
Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline.
jan1

ROBT. J. JUMP. WM. S. RIDGELY.
JUMP & RIDGELY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
DENTON, MARYLAND,
WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF
CAROLINE AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.
ja16-y

JOHN D. KEMP,
Attorney at Law,
DENTON, MD.,
WILL practice in the courts of this and the adjoining counties.
Office next door to residence, Main street.
may9-y

DR. P. STACK,
DENTIST,
DENTON, MD.



Teeth filled, extracted and inserted, from one to an entire set. All plate work warranted to fit, but must be returned within two weeks to entitle the party to the benefit of the guarantee.
December 19th-y

BUY YOUR HARNESS
FROM THE SUBSCRIBER
IN GREENSBOROUGH
IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,
AT A VERY LOW PRICE
oct10-y J. P. FIEROE.

PLOWS
AND
PLOW CASTINGS,
Manufactured by the Subscriber,
And for sale as cheap as they can be had in the city.
ap15-2m H. B. SIMPERS.

M. M. ANDREW,
Successor to J. Thomas Jarman
Cabinet Maker & Undertaker,
GREENSBOROUGH, Md.
ALL work executed in the neatest manner, at the shortest notice, and at the lowest rates. I work only for the cash and am therefore enabled to keep good my word.
My12-4t.

B. F. STARR & CO.,
Mill Stone Manufacturers,
AND DEALERS IN
BOLTING CLOTHS,
Leather and Gum Belting,
No. 173 North Street,
ot29-1y BALTIMORE.

F. N. GOULD. I. R. DUKES. R. W. EARECKSON.
Gould, Dukes & Eareckson,
GRAIN & GENERAL PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
No 102 Light Street Wharf,
Below Camden St., BALTIMORE.
Consignments of Grain and Produce solicited. Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers and Groceries promptly attended to. [je14-y

PUMPS.
Everybody who has use for a pump should buy
MORRELL'S
Fire Engine,
DEEP WELL
AND
FORCE PUMP.
Send for a Circular.
POOLE & HUNT,
jo14-1y Baltimore, Md.

Select Poetry.

From the Waverly Magazine.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

Why sigh ye for the past,
Your present peace o'ercast?
'Tis all in vain.
Your heart may bleed and yearn,
But moments past return
Never again.

O mortals proud and vain!
Why rack, with self-wrought pain,
The troubled breast;
And raise, by selfish fears,
And weak, uncalled-for tears,
The hell unrest?

Let not the world's cold scorn
O'ercast and turn life's morn
To gloomy night:
Be patient and soul-proud—
Look far above the cloud,
Where all is bright.

What are the mighty proud,
Who scorn the lowly crowd,
But poor, weak clay?
Like humbler hearts they sigh;
Alike they fade, they die,
And pass away.

Let not poor worthless dross
All earthly aims engross,
And sway each thought;
For, when the silent blow
Shall lay the body low,
'Twill be as naught.

Then look for that bright day
When earth shall pass away,
And sorrow cease;
When each poor weary soul
Shall reach that wished-for goal,
E'erlasting peace.

Man is but poor and weak,
And Fate plays hide and seek
With his proud aim.
He struggles, toils, and sighs,
For what? a thing that dies—
Brief wealth or fame.

O mortals! cease to sigh—
Poor light-winged pleasures fly
A few short years:
But strive for that brighter home
Where sorrows never come,
Nor bitter tears.

THE JUDGE'S DAUGHTER.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"So you really think you're in love with my little girl, eh?" said Judge Pelham.

He had a queer brown face, this old man, all ploughed and traversed with a fine network of wrinkles, and little black eyes, with a scanty allowance of lashes, that looked at you like hard, glistening beads. Not the sort of man to confide a love-tale to, nor to sympathize with the first tender out-pourings of the heart masculine; and how Judge Pelham ever came to be the father of a glorious girl like Kate, with the beauty of Hebe, and the winsome, poetic nature of Sappho, was a riddle that we leave to those learned in physiology and psychology.

"Yes, sir," said Kearney, bravely. "I am in love with her, and if I am fortunate enough to gain your permission to pay her my addresses—"

"Stop! stop!" said the old gentleman.—"Not so fast. One thing at a time, young sir. What have you got?"

"A strong arm, sir, and a brave, true heart, together with, I hope, at least an average amount of brains."

"Very good stock in trade," answered the judge, still regarding Mr. Kearney with the little hard glistening beads of eyes. "Aha, Mr. Carlton, is that you? Walk in and sit down. I'll be disengaged presently."

"Then you will give my case a favorable consideration, judge," said Hugh, rising to depart.

"I will, sir."

And Hugh went out—a tall, handsome fellow, with pleasant dark eyes, and a firm, squarely-cut chin, which betokens no ordinary amount of resolution and will.

Mr. Kent Carleton sat in the office, uneasily turning over the large russet-bound volumes of Blackstone and Cowen, when the judge deliberately turned himself round in his leather-cushioned revolving chair.

He, too, was handsome, with straight, effeminate features, blue eyes, and fair, wavy hair, and his hands, white and well-shaped, always smelled as if they had been newly washed in *eau de cologne*.

"I have called, sir, on very important business," began Kent, hesitatingly.

"Eh, eh! What may it be?" deliberately questioned the judge; while Kent would have given all the sixpenses he was worth if the brown old man would have put on a pair of spectacles or looked the other way.—Those beady eyes confused and bewildered him.

"It's about your daughter, Kate, sir," said Carlton, utterly forgetting the euphoniously worded sentences in which he had resolved to communicate his intentions. "I love her, and if you have no objections—"

"Aha!" said the judge: "exactly so. But of course you have means to support a wife, or you wouldn't have allowed yourself to think of taking one?"

"As to means, sir, I am as yet only beginning the world; but I have expectations, and added to that, I am about to commence the practice of the profession in which you have reached so brilliant a position!"

He bowed to the judge; the judge took snuff, still transfixing him with the beady eyes.

"You may go home, sir," said Judge Pelham "I'll let you know my decision to-morrow."

Kent Carlton's footsteps hardly died away upon the threshold, when the judge opened a door to the left of him and called,—

"Kate!"

Miss Katharine Pelham came in—a tall, blooming young lady of eighteen, with eyes the soft liquid blue of old India china, damask cheeks, and hair of the real poet's gold, tied with a black ribbon and floating down her back like a yellow-gleaming cascade.—How strang and lovely she looked among the dry old law-books and baize-covered desks, and the packets of legal papers tied with faded red tape and splashed with scarlet seals like magnified drops of blood.

"Well, papa!" said Kate, scattering rose-leaves on the floor from the huge branch of double Michigan roses that she carried.

"Do you want to get married, pet?"

"Well, papa, I hardly know whether I do or not," she answered, reflectively, burying her pink nose among the roses.

"Because I've had two young men here asking permission to pay their addresses to you."

"Two young men, papa! Pray, who were they?"

"Both eligible enough, as far as outward circumstances go; not rich, but smart, sensible, and enterprising, I've reason to think; and for my part, I don't believe in too much ready money."

"But you haven't told me yet who they are, papa!"

'Hugh Kearney and Kent Carlton," answered the judge. "Which of the two do you like best?"

"Why, papa, I like them both. Hugh is such a good solid fellow, and Kent has so much style!"

"But you can't marry them both!"

"Papa," laughed Kate, coming close up so that her roses and her curls fairly overflowed the brown face with the beady black eyes, "you choose for me. I really haven't any preference in the matter. I could learn to like either of them; and after all, it isn't like selecting a lover, because I can make up my mind any time."

"So you want the old dad to select for you, do you, Kate? Well, I'll think it over, and let you know. And now go back to you posies and your worsted work.

So the judge put on his hat and went out for a walk in the summer twilight, to clear his brain of the cobwebs induced by his day's work.

"Hallo!" cried judge Pelham, as he nearly stumbled over a meditative old Irishman, who was standing staring about him with a raged old water-proof coat hanging on his arm. "What do you mean by obstructing the public highways in that sort of fashion, Terence Hannegan?"

"Faith, it's I that axes your honor's pardon, but sorra a bit I knows where I'm after goin'. P'raps your honor could tell me."

"How the mischief do you suppose I can tell you, if you don't know yourself, you Irish blunderhead? Get out of the way and let me go on."

"They're lawyers, like your honor," went on the persistent Terence; "and since Biddy Rourke—that's me sister, your honor, and washes for all the quality—hurt her anklebone, she says, says she, 'Terry,' says she, 'if you'll get the money they're owin' me, it's I that'll thank you kindly,' says she, 'and I'll do as much for you,' says she, 'for it's Mr. Carlton and Mr Kearney—'"

"Oh!" ejaculated the judge, "Carlton and Kearney, eh? Yes, I know where they live, and I'll go along with you and show you, if you'll lend me your overcoat and just change hats with me."

"Sure, yer honor, it's too ragged for the likes o' you!"

"That's my business," said the judge, alertly transforming himself into an old loafer by the battered hat and rusty over-garment of Terence Hannegan. "Now look here, you rascal, if you call me anything but Larry Reirdon, I'll send you to the lock-up for twenty days."

Terence stared and grinned.

"All right, yer—"

"Stop!" roared the judge.

"I mane Larry! And is this the door, sir? I would be after saying Mishter Reirdon?"

"This is the door, Terry."

And without knocking the judge pushed Terry into the hotel reading room, where he stood with his head drawn in between his shoulders, and nearly covered by the Irishman's two-size too-large hat, while Hannegan boldly confronted the two young men.

Carlton was writing a letter at the table. Kearney sat tipped back in his chair, glancing over the paper, and one or two others, strangers to the judge and his companion, were lounging about, grumbling at the dismal monotony of the overgrown village in which they found themselves becalmed overnight.

"Money!" ejaculated Carlton, irritably, as the Irishman made known his errand.—"What money? It's but a little while since I settled that bill; there must be a mere trifle owing now."

"It's five dollars, sir—five dollars and sixty cents; and Biddy, she's laid up wid a broken ankle and five little ones, sir, and Mike hasn't done a stroke o' work since the factory people failed; and if you'd please to let me have the money, I've Biddy's own receipt, sir—"

"Hang your receipts, man—I've no money to spare! Don't bother me!"

"For shame, Carlton!" spoke up Hugh Kearney. "Pay what you owe the poor woman. Would you let her and her little ones starve?"

"It don't hurt that class of people to starve," heartlessly answered Carlton. "As for the little ones, the less we have among us to pay taxes for, the better! It isn't convenient for me to settle the account to-day, that's enough."

And he turned away and bent over his writing again, perhaps a little uneasy beneath the withering glance of scorn darted at him from Hugh Kearney's eyes.

"Come here, my man," said the latter, addressing Terry Hannegan, who stood scratching his head in sore perplexity. "How much do I owe Mrs. Rourke? I ought to have attended to it sooner; but I waited, as usual, for her to send in her bill."

"It's only two dollars and a-half, sir, for yer honor," answered Terence, "but—"

"Well, here's a five-dollar bill. Biddy can work it out for me when her ankle gets better. And look here, my man if she's really in want or suffering, tell her to send to me, and I'll come then and see her."

"Sure, yer honor, and I'll do that same; and it's hopin' the blissed saints may make yer honor's bed in heaven, and wishin' there was many like yer; and Biddy'll be the thankful woman, that she will, and—"

But at this stage of affairs, Terry Hannegan's companion, who had stood by the door motionless all this while, shouldered him out, still uttering thanks and blessings as he went.

"Here," said the judge, as they stepped out once more on the pavement, "take your overcoat, Terry, and let's change hats again; for I begin to feel radical and revolutionary already."

"Feel how, your honor?"

"Never mind. Here, give this money to your sister for me, and be about your business."

So the judge dismissed his ragged companion, and returned to the dining-room, back of the law-office, where Kate sat sewing by a shaded lamp.

"Well, papa," said Kate, laughing, "have you decided yet?"

"Yes, Miss Puss, I have decided."

"Which is it to be?"

"Kent Carlton is a heartless scoundrel, and will treat the woman who is his wife as no woman would wish or deserve to be treated."

"Papa, how do you know?"

"No matter how I know. I've a way of finding out things for myself, child."

"And Mr. Kearney?"

"If you can get him, Kate, take him. He is a fine fellow."

And the judge sat down to write two brief notes, one of which Kent Carlton read the next morning with contracted brows and savage eyes.

"What does the pedantic old fool mean?" he muttered. "What can he possibly have heard about me which convinces him that I am not the person to render his daughter's future life a happy one?"

But that was exactly what Mr. Kent Carlton never learned.

And Kate Pelham, the judge's golden-haired daughter, was married, six months from that day, to Hugh Kearney.

Wanted—a Boy with Ten Points.

1, Honest; 2, Pure; 3, Intelligent; 4, Active; 5, Industrious; 6, Obedient; 7, Steady; 8, Obliging; 9, Polite; 10, Neat. One thousand boys who come up to the standard.—Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them are already filled with boys who lack some of the most important points, but they will soon be vacant. One of them is in an office not far from where we write. The lad who has the situation is losing his first point. He likes to attend the circus and theatre.—This costs more money than he can afford, but somehow he manages to be there frequently. His employers are quietly watching, to learn how he gets so much extra spending money; they will soon discover the leak in the money drawer, detect the dishonest boy, and his place will be ready for some one who is now getting ready for it by observing point No. 1, and being truthful in his ways. Some situations will soon be vacant because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare to show their fathers, and be ashamed to have their mothers see. The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts; the boys will be ruined and their places must be filled. Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished lawyers, useful ministers, skillful physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for some one else to fill. One by one they are reduced by death. Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank. Every man who is worthy to employ a boy is looking for you if you have the ten points. Do not fear you will be overlooked A young person having these points will shine as brightly as a star at midnight. We have named ten points that will go toward making up the character of a successful boy, that can easily be remembered. You can imagine one on each finger, and so keep them in mind—they will soon be worth more than diamond rings, and you will never be ashamed to "show your hand."

A COMPANION OF WASHINGTON YET ALIVE.—Captain John Webster, who has reached the advanced age of 104 years, was born in Dublin, in 1765, and came to this country in 1778. Soon after his arrival he was apprenticed in Georgetown to the firm of Noble & Crabtree, ship owners and chandlers. After serving his time he became captain of a vessel, and followed the sea for seventy-five years. He was a schoolmate of both John and Charles Wesley, and their friend for years; is a strict follower of Wesley still, and speaks of him with the greatest affection. Having some business with the family he is visiting, I called to see him, and in answer to my ring he came to the door himself. This being the first time I had seen him, imagine my surprise when he replied to my question of "How old are you?" "One hundred and four years." He must have noticed the strange look my face bore, for, smiling, he said, "I have my proofs in black and white." It seemed to me as if some grave had given up its dead, and for some minutes I could do no more than stare the old man in the face and utter to myself, "Can it be?" He said: "I knew Daniel Webster well; was very intimate with him; have walked arm-in-arm with him many a time; have conversed with Washington time and again. My wife died five years ago, aged ninety-eight years. My eldest son is over seventy-four years old, and I have one daughter living in this city over sixty." The old gentleman is in excellent spirits, and does not seem to tire of conversation. He has his second sight, and can read writing if finely written, as well as the papers, without the aid of spectacles. His home is at the Sailors' Snug Harbor, from which place he comes unattended to visit his friends in the city. To have seen this old man and talk with him seems to give one a new lease of life—to fill one with noble purpose—so that one's end may be like this noble follower of the Master to whose praise he gives all the moments of his last years. To those who would like to see this old landmark that will soon have passed away, he extends a cordial invitation to visit him at the Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island.—*Sailors' Magazine.*

LEND A HELPING HAND.

Lift a little! lift a little!
Neighbor, lend a helping hand
To that heavy-laden brother
Who for weakness scarce can stand.
What to thee, with thy strong muscle,
Seems a light and easy load,
Is to him a ponderous burden,
Cumbering his pilgrim road.

Lift a little! lift a little!
Effort gives one added strength:
That which staggers him when raising,
Thou canst hold at arm's full length.
Not his fault that he is feeble,
Not thy praise that thou art strong:
It is God makes lives to differ—
Some from wailing, some from song.

Lift a little! lift a little!
Many they who need thine aid;
Many living on the roadside,
'Neath misfortune's dreary shade.
Pass not by, like priest and Levite,
Heedless of thy fellow-man;
But, with heart and arms extended,
Be the Good Samaritan.

THE MERCHANT'S MISTAKE.

In the spring of 1861, a young man came down from Vermont, where he had been engaged in school-teaching, and obtained a situation as salesman with a merchant doing quite a snug business, in one of our inland cities. In a very short time the youth proved himself to be not only an expert and accomplished business man, but a gentleman—kind, affable and polished; and, withal, patient and long-suffering under the dire infliction of purchasers' whims and caprices.—Only one fault had the employer to find.—After a time he fancied that his new salesman was inclined to be a little too lax in concealing chance defects in goods; and at length he came to the conclusion that the trouble was chronic. He called it "a lamentable want of care and circumspection;" and his patience was sorely tried when he saw fabrics put back upon the shelf which might have been sold.

One day a gentleman and lady entered the store in quest of cloth. They had been appointed by a society to procure the material for one hundred suits of underclothing for a company of volunteers who were going to Washington in response to the President's call for more men. The lady had traded with the new salesman, and him she now sought.

"Ah, we have just the article," volunteered the proprietor, who stood near.—"George, go down cellar and bring up a bolt of that fine Middlesex flannel."

The young man went down and brought up the flannel—a bolt containing fifty yards—and there were six more of the same sort, which they could have cheap the merchant said.

The lady examined the texture of the fabric, and pronounced it satisfactory.

"You know," she said to the salesman, "what we want this for. We do not wish to send our noble volunteers away upon their errand of devotion poorly provided for.—There is much poor cloth in the market—stuff just manufactured—which will hardly hold together after it is put on for wear.—You can warrant this?"

"No, madam, I cannot."

"But you believe it to be firm and good—suitable for the purpose?"

The young man saw that the eyes of his employer were upon him, and he knew that his place depended upon his answer. But he could not be base and deceitful.

"I am sorry to be forced to tell you, madam, that the goods are not such as I can recommend. But we have flannel which I can safely warrant."

And in the end the lady and her friend purchased two hundred yards of good cloth.

As soon as the customers were gone, the merchant opened his battery of wrath. The young man boldly defended himself; and when he declared that he would never knowingly or willingly deceive a customer he was told that his services were no longer required.

George A— enlisted in the very company for which the flannel had been purchased, and very soon it was whispered among those who had known him at the store—and they were by far the greater portion of the customers—why he had left.

In July, of 1862, George came home, wounded; and as his injured limb promised to be for some time weak, he got his discharge. While he was looking around for employment, the lady who had bought the flannel for the soldiers came to him, and offered to advance him money with which to set up business for himself. After a great deal of persuasion and assurance, on the part of quite a large number of the old customers, he accepted the offer.

And behold the result. The young merchant very soon became known throughout the town as the man who would sacrifice place rather than wrong or deceive a customer. And it was known, too, why he left the store of Mr. S—. Before the snows of winter came George A— was accounted one of the most successful merchants in the place; and when the first of the new year came, Mr. S—, the shrewd and "circumspect" man, had shelves loaded with shop-worn goods and shoddy, bought on credit; while on his desk lay a number of Notary's missives, giving information of notes, in bank, protested!

AT HOME.—The highest style of being at home, grows out of special state of the affections rather than of the intellect. Who has not met with individuals whose faces would be a passport to any society, and whose manners, the spontaneous counterparts of their inner selves, make them visibly welcome wherever they go, and attract unbounded confidence towards them in whatever they undertake? They are frank, because their natures overrun with benevolence; unflurrid, because they dread nothing; always at home, because they carry with themselves that which can trust itself anywhere—purity of soul with fulness of health. Such are our best guarantees for feeling at home in all society to which duty takes us, and in every occupation upon which it obliges us to enter. They who live for themselves are also the least embarrassed by uncertainties.

JOSH BILLINGS INSURES HIS LIFE.—I kum tew the conclusion lately life was so unsartan that the only wa for me to stand a fair chance with other folks wus to get my life insured, and called on the agent of the Garden Angel Life Insurance Company, and answered all the following questions which was put to me over the tope ov a gold specks, by a slick little, fat, old feller, with a little round, gray head, and ez pretty a little belly az enny man owned.

QUESTIONS.

1. Are you male or female? If so, state how long you have been so.
2. Are you subject to fits, and if so, do you have more than one at a time?
3. What is your precise fiting weight?
4. Did you ever have any ancestors, and if so, how much.
5. What is your legal opinion of the constitutionality ov the 10 commandments?
6. Do you ever have enny nitemare?
7. Are you married, and live single, or are you a bachelor?
8. Do you believe in a futur state?—If you do, state it.
9. What is your private sentiment about a rush ov rats to the head—can it be, successfully?
10. Hav you ever committed suicide, and if so, how does it seem to affect you?
11. Did you ever have any meezles, if so, how many?

After answering the above questions like a man on the confirmative, the sleek little, old feller, with the gold specks on, sed I was insured for life, and probably would remain so for a term ov years. I thanked him and smiled one of my most pensive smiles.

A NEW VELOCIPEDE.—the Detroit *Free Press* says:—

"Quite a *furore* was created on the streets yesterday by the appearance of a velocipedist on a tricycle or three-wheeled velocipede, whirling along at a tremendous rate of speed. This velocipede was invented and manufactured by a gentleman residing in Ypsilanti, who claims to have ridden on it from that place to Detroit, a distance of twenty-eight miles, in two hours and forty-eight minutes, and to have made a mile in Ypsilanti, on Thursday last, in two minutes and thirteen seconds. The wheels are forty-two inches in diameter, and are propelled by means of a double hand-crank, no treadle being used as on other velocipedes. On each side of the hub of the forward wheel is a grooved pulley, and attached to the straight portion of the crank are two more pulleys, the four being connected by belts. At each revolution of the pulleys the vehicle is propelled a distance of sixteen and a-half feet, and when an ordinary rate of speed is attained, it runs quite easy. Its weight is forty-nine pounds, and the inventor claims that it will sustain two hundred pounds without danger of collapsing. It certainly possesses one feature that renders it superior to those now in use, and that is the comparative ease with which it can be run on ordinary carriage roads.

FLOWERS AMID THE GRASS.—In the corner of a neglected orchard, we come very unexpectedly upon some hyacinths and tulips just about to bloom. We should have been surprised to see, these pets of the garden in this uncultivated field, had we not recollected that, just beyond once stood a dwelling house, and this had been the garden spot. Though many years have passed since it was cultivated, yet these bulbs come up regularly, year after year, true to the call of the Spring sunshine. So at times, in the heart of some little one, we unexpectedly find an inward grace and beauty, which, amid its surroundings, we wonder at. Perhaps, could we see far enough, we would find that the root has been carefully planted by some of God's children, and true to its nature, though the weeds may have grown up a space around it, still, when the warmth and sunshine of love fall upon it, it expands in leaf and bud, and surprises us by an unexpected beauty.

HE WOULD NOT.—Although the autumn has passed, we suppose it will not much wring the bosom of the reader to peruse the ensuing stanza upon that season, written by a gifted son of the West. It has the true afflatus:

"I wud not dy in autum
With the peaches fit for eaten',
When the wavy corn is gettin ripe,
And the candidates are treatin;
When sassidge meat is phryin',
& hickory nuts are thick—
Oh! who wud think ov dyin',
Or even gettin' sick?"

"DAR ARE," said a sable orator, "two roads through dis world. De one am a broad and a narrow road dat leads to perdition; and de udder am a narrow and broad road dat leads to shure destruction." "If dat am de case," said a sable hearer, "dis culled individual takes to de woods."

"IT'S a good thing to have a handsome penman for a beau," said Mary, as she glancing over a billet-doux "Yes," replied Julia, "if the penmen is handsome, I don't eare how-ugly the penmanship is."

"TAIN'T de white nor yet de black folks what hab de most influence in dis world, but the yaller boys," said old Aunt Chloe, as she jingled a few gold coins that had come down from a former generation.

AN Irishman in writing a letter to his sweetheart, asking whether she would accept of his love or not, writes thus: "If you don't love me plaze send back the letter without breaking the seal."

WOMEN charm, as a general thing, in proportion as they are good. A plain face with a heart behind it, is worth a world of beauty. Men who have tried both uniformly agree to this.

MY dear sir, said a candidate, accosting a sturdy wag on the day of election. I am very glad to see you. You needn't be, replied the wag; I've voted.

IT is best not to be angry; and best, in the next place, to be quickly reconciled.

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